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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

IN SORROW.

When thou art sorrowful and carest around
Crowd fast upon the steps of happier days;
When thou believest brightest things can lead
The saddest echo to the sweetest lay.
As men of old were fed with angels' food,
Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When those to thee dearest shall have died,
And each fresh day grows weary to thine eyes;
When every hope that others build upon
Comes to thy sense with a sad surprise—
Take up the burden of another's grief;
Learn from another's pain thy own relief.

Monroe, believe that sorrow may be bribed
With tribute from the heart, not sighs, nor tears,
But nobler sacrifice—of helping hands,
Of cheering smiles, of sympathetic cares.
Oft have the saddest words the sweetest strain;
In angel's music let thy soul complain.

Then grief shall stand with half-averted foot
Upon the threshold of a brighter day;
And hope shall take her steady by the hand
And both kneel down with faith to kindly prayer.
Lifted from earth, peace shall immortalize
The heart that its own anguish purifies.
—Chamber's Journal.

STORY TELLER.

THE OLD HOUSE.

It was snowing! And nobody who has not had personal experience on the subject, knows what a regular New Hampshire snow-storm means.

A cloud of flying needles sharply puncturing your face, a wind keen as the edge of any cinchur, a white, blinding veil separating you from the rest of the world—these are some of the signs and symptoms.

And Edgar Evely felt them in their most merciless mood, as he stood helplessly on the edge of a mountain cliff, staring around him in a vain search for some familiar landmark.

"I am lost!" said he. "Exactly—and it serves me right. It strikes me that I had better have staid at home and faced Kathleen's Valentine party, after all."

For, to be frank with the reader, Mr. Evely had indignantly retreated before his sister's gay Valentine reception, to the great grief of the half dozen pretty young girls who were sojourning in the house.

"Do stay, Ned!" pleaded Kathleen Evely, almost with tears in her eyes. "Stuff and nonsense," the young man had returned. "A man is always at a disadvantage on such occasions at this. And I never was a worshiper of old St. Valentine. Besides, I've often wondered what those Signal Service fellows did with themselves up on the top of the mountain in winter time. They say they're an awfully jolly set of chaps, if once you can get at 'em."

"Oh, Edgar, you will certainly be lost," said his mother, in a panic. "I! Lost on Silver Peak! That is a good one!" cried out Evely. "Wasn't I born and bred under its very shadow? I wonder what you will be saying next, you feminines!"

But the unconsciously-uttered prediction had come true.

He was, truly and actually, lost on Silver Peak. No one was altogether safe in such a bewildering snow-storm as this. It was not such an extraordinary circumstance, if only he had made allowance for it.

But as he groped blindly with his stick, vaguely fearful lest he should be precipitated into some unfathomable abyss below, the ferule came in contact with a rude stone wall; the bleating of young calves reached his ear.

"Ala!" he cried, exultingly; "now I know where I am. It is the Old House, where Farmer Eastwood keeps his calves!"

The "Old House" was a ruined farm-dwelling, built long ago for the temporary accommodation of some old settler, who had abandoned it as soon as possible for more commodious quarters.

It stood on the edge of a scrubby thicket of pines and cedars, and no one ever came near it who could help themselves.

But the owner—now Mr. Eastwood, a prosperous farmer, who lived on a sunny plateau halfway down the mountain—frequently used it for the accommodation of his flocks and herds when the home barnyards were full.

"My bovine friends," said Evely, regaining his spirits at once, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I am as great a calf as yourselves upon this unfortunate occasion, and a shelter of any sort is as important to me as it is to you."

And feeling his way to the low doorway, from which the porch had long since mouldered away, he entered the Old House.

Originally it had consisted of two

rooms, in the smaller of which three or four speckled calves were shut, and Evely looked disconsolately around him, standing in the larger apartment. "One would freeze to death here!" said he, "Once more I will seek the help of the bovines."

And opening the ruddy pine door, he snuggled himself down among the calves, thankful to share in their warmth, as he wrapped his cape close about his shoulders.

"Hail fellows well met," thought he. "If they were gipsies or brigands now, there might be something sentimental in the whole affair. But—calves! Well, I may as well go to sleep. The danger of freezing is over now."

When he roused up from the death-like slumber of thorough fatigue, the partition-door stood open, the calves were munching sweet hay, and wonder of wonders, a ruddy fire of brush-wood and pine cones was casting its reflection on the stone walls behind him; and two plump, cherry-checked girls sat on the floor, in front of the blaze, talking to each other.

"I'm asleep!" thought Edgar Evely, staring at the pretty transformation scene which had sprung up so suddenly in the midst of the snowy darkness. "Dreaming! I shall wake up presently with my toes and fingers end frozen stiff! But it's an uncommonly jolly dream, anyhow, and I'll enjoy it while I can. What is this delicious smell? It can't be coffee and toasted johnny-cake, can it? People don't smell coffee and johnny-cake in dreams, that ever I heard of."

Just then a voice broke the thread of his reflections.

"How nice the coffee was! It was just like you, Rhoda, to think of bringing it."

"O, well!" another sweet voice responded; "I've been out here before in a snow storm. Somebody must go, you know, and Aleck is in Concord, and father's rheumatism is worse than usual to-night. And Ted, the farm-boy, is always afraid of Silver Peak when it snows. Nothing would induce him to come."

"But weren't you afraid, Rhoda?" "I?" echoed the lark-sweet tone. "Wasn't I born here?"

"My words exactly," thought our hero. "I should like to come out up on the scene and ask for a taste of that Arabian draught, but I might frighten these mountain fairies away if I were to be too precipitate. I'll be patient and bide my time."

"And," went on pretty Rhoda Eastwood, "I knew it was possible we might be detained here all night. So I brought the matches along, and the candles and the pail of coffee."

"Hello!" thought Mr. Evely. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! I must come out sooner or later. They're going to stay here all night!"

"Rhoda?" whispered a soft little voice.

"Well, Nannie?" was the sweet answer.

"Aren't you afraid now?" "Afraid?—youglose! What should I be afraid of?" merrily retorted the farmer's daughter.

"I—don't know," slowly answered Nannie. "Only it's so lonesome."

"There are the calves, you know," laughed Rhoda.

"Humph!" said Mr. Evely to himself. "And it's St. Valentine's Eve," added Nannie.

"Well," said Rhoda, "what of that?"

"They're going to have a dance up at Squire Evely's," said Nannie.

"Well, and how does that concern us?"

"I should like to have gone," said Nannie, clasping her knees after a meditative fashion. "I never was at a Valentine party. What does it mean, Rhoda, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Rhoda, flinging fresh pine cones on the fire. "There's an old saying, I believe, that the first man you see on St. Valentine's morning is your true love for the rest of the year."

"And no longer?" in accents of disappointment.

"How do I know?" laughed Rhoda.

"I never was at a Valentine's party, either!"

"I wonder whom we shall meet going down the mountain to-morrow?" said Nannie, after a brief silence.

"As if it wasn't all nonsense!" said Rhoda.

How pretty she looked as she sat there, with the flashing red reflections dancing on her raven hair and mirrored in her liquid brown eyes!

"But one must talk nonsense sometimes," pleaded Nannie. "We have got to pass away the time somehow. If we go to sleep, and let the fire go

down, we shall be frozen to death. Oh, good gracious! what's that?"

Some slight, unconscious movement on the part of their hidden auditor had frightened the calves; there was a sudden plunge and outcry in their midst. Edgar perceived that his ambushade was no longer possible; he emerged boldly into the light.

"Ladies—" said he.

"It's a man!" screamed Nannie. "Oh, oh, we shall be robbed and murdered! Oh, oh!"

And she clung desperately to Rhoda Eastwood.

"I beg a thousand pardons, I am sure," pleaded Evely. "It isn't my fault. I'm not responsible. I couldn't help it, indeed. I am Squire Evely's son—from Harvard, you know—and I somehow lost my way on the mountain. And hearing the calves, it was the most natural thing in the world to come here for shelter—and I dropped asleep, and when I woke up, you were talking here. I hope I haven't frightened you very much; but I'm almost frozen, and half-famished into the bargain; and it there should happen to be a few drops of coffee left in the bottom of that tin pail—"

"How stupid we are!" cried Rhoda Eastwood, blushing beautifully, as she poured out a gourd-shell of the fragrant coffee, and presented it, together with a yellow slice of johnny-cake, to their guest. "You are very welcome at the Old House Mr. Evely. Sit down by the fire. Oh, there's no fear of the supply of pine-cones giving out! We always fill a bin full here every fall for just such emergencies as this."

"This is del. gitful!" said our hero, thawing himself out as it were, by the fire. A sort of winter picture, eh? But, I can tell you it came pretty near being somewhat serious with me."

I wanted to get away from my sister's merry-making, don't you see?" he added, frankly; "and this is the sort of doom I've brought upon myself!"

"So they sat and talked in the fire light, quite losing sight of all stiffness and ceremony in the cordial fellowship engendered by their mutual plight."

Evely was surprised at the delicate culture and native refinement evinced in every look and word of Esau Eastwood's daughter.

Rhoda wondered how any one could ever have called Edgar Evely cold or reserved; and little Nannie Voorhees, fast asleep, with her head on Rhoda's lap, dreamed—who knew of what?—until he chiming of the far-away midnight bells, borne up the mountain-side by the strong north wind, suddenly broke across the shriek of the tempest.

"The wind has changed. It will stop snowing soon," said Rhoda, quietly.

"Miss Eastwood—" said Evely. "Well?"

"Don't think me impertinent, but—"

"No, I don't. Go on."

"But," added Evely, "we are each other's Valentine!"

"Are we?" Rhoda burst out laughing.

"So we are—for a whole year."

"And perhaps longer. Who knows?"

His tone was just a little sentimental perhaps—at least it might have been, if Nannie had not waked up just then.

"Where am I?" said she, stretching out her pretty calico covered arms. "Oh, I remember now! We are snowbound; and I was dreaming of St. Valentine's Day!"

With the dawn a faint rose-flush had overspread the sky. Rhoda had proved a true prophet—the storm was over.

And the three merrily descended the mountain side together.

"Remember," Edgar said, as he gave a parting pressure to Rhoda's hand, at the Eastwood farm-gate, "you are my Valentine."

"For a year," corrected Rhoda, calmly.

"But the lease is renewable at the year's end!" urged Evely.

And so the matter is left—to be settled a twelve months hence as old St. Valentine may decide.

"He's a good sort of saint," says Mr. Evely, who is falling deeper in love with the farmer's daughter with every day. "I'm quite willing to leave it to old St. Valentine."—Helen Forrest Graves.

An exchange has an article on "Why bees make honey." They make it to cell.

Make Home Pleasant.

There are tens of thousands of daughters in the free land of ours who know nothing of freedom, and whose lives are an eternal monotony of "breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed." Their parents have outlived the frivolities of youth. They forget that old heads do not grow on young shoulders. The people may have had so much experience of the hollowness and vanity of society and of the wickedness of the world, that they prefer for themselves a quiet existence, the unvarying features of which are "breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed."

Fathers and mothers, instead of making educated serfs of your children, make companions of them. Treat them as if they had souls as well as bodies; hearts as well as stomachs; aspirations as well as appetites; a capacity for pleasures as well as a capacity for study. Instead of sharing with them a palatial mansion that to them (as you have made it) is but a prison, give them homes brightened by music, and mirth, and congenial society. Do this, and you will have sons and daughters who will love you and their home, who will seek your advice at times when advice is needed, and who will not disgrace and humiliate you by any hasty, unfilial, or ignorant act.

Remember that when you are giving your children food, clothes, a place wherein to sleep, and all the benefits of the most elaborate education, if you do not add to this your love, confidence and companionship, you have fallen far short in your duty to them. Your ample provision for them in your will make poor amends for what you have left undone that you ought to have done.

Reproducing Speech.

A promising method of recording and reproducing speech is that of Mons. Leon Esquille. It consisted in first speaking to a diaphragm having a highly polished surface from which a ray of light is reflected. The record of this speech is obtained by simply photographing the ray of light upon a traveling band sensitized paper. After having been developed, the articulation may be reproduced by projecting the image of the trace by means of an electric arc or calcium light upon a selenium receiver, the well-known apparatus for transforming light-impulses into sound-vibrations, and the speech is then heard through the telephone connected. This method is more troublesome than Edison's phonograph or Bell's graphophone, but seems likely to give better results.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Three Thousand Dollar Cane.

Probably the most valuable cane in Chicago is owned by Dr. W. H. Hale, a Scotchman, who left Edinburgh five years ago, and has since traveled a hundred thousand miles, the cane going with him. The head of this wondrous cane contains over three pounds of 18-karat gold, and is mounted with sixty-five diamonds. The gold snake which entwines the upper part of the cane has ruby eyes. In the top of the head is secured a gold chronometer balance watch the cover of which contains a gold monogram of its owner, studded with twenty-four diamonds. Dr. Hale says the cost of the cane was \$3,500. He is naturally very proud of it, and never tires of showing it to callers.—Chicago Herald.

Each Number Better Than The Last.

The March number of Godey's Lady's Book is brighter and more attractive than either of its predecessors for 1887. The steel plate illustration entitled "The Promise" is a gem, engraved expressly for this magazine. The black and colored fashions are good as they always are, showing designs that will please all the fair sex. A new story entitled "The Manuever Money," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is commenced in this number. This author has a world wide repute, and it shows the proprietor is determined to secure all the literary talent he can to make Godey's the best ladies' magazine in America. The two powerfully written serials commenced in the November number, 1886, are completed, these stories have received favorable notices throughout the country. Other stories and poems contribute to make this an exceedingly good number. W. E. Stryker, Philadelphia, Pa., publisher.

A Few Noble Deeds.

In 1396, Leopold II., of Austria, invaded Switzerland. The Swiss met him at Sempach. Leopold's army were more numerous and far better armed than the Swiss, but the latter were not dismayed. First falling on their knees, according to their custom, they implored the assistance of the Most High, and then, rising, they rushed on the Austrians. A few only of the Swiss were in armor, while most of their foes were clad from head to foot in steel. At first the Swiss could make no impression on the solid mass of armored men. The Landammann of Lucern, one of their leaders, and sixty of their bravest warriors, fell before a single Austrian was even wounded. The Swiss hesitated, and the battle and their liberty was almost lost, when Arnold of Winkelreid, a knight of Underwalden, bursting from the rank, exclaimed, "I will open a passage into the line; protect, dear countrymen and confederates, my wife and children." Then throwing himself among the enemy, he seized as many pikes as he could grasp, and burying them in his bosom, bore them by his weight to the ground. His comrades, availing themselves of this opening in the close hedge of spears, which had previously defied their utmost efforts to penetrate, rushed on the Austrians and defeated them with great slaughter, and Switzerland remained free.

Years ago, one of the Popes determined to raise a very large statue on one of the public buildings of Rome. It was a very great undertaking at the time, and all the more risky, because it was expected that a large crowd would assemble. When a crowd is at the place where any work is to be done, every one wants to order, and none wishes to obey. The Pope knew this, and so gave orders that no person should interfere with the workmen, or even speak while the statue was being hoisted to its place, on the pain of death. Every thing went right at first, but just at the most difficult part of the operation, the ropes slackened on one side, and the statue tottered. The crowd was in dismay, for if the statue fell a great many would have been killed. Suddenly a voice, loud and clear, was heard, exclaiming: "Pour water on the rope." It was done instantly, the rope tightened, and the statue was put in the place intended for it. The man was arrested and brought before the Pope, who asked him how he dared to disobey his orders. The man answered that he was fully aware that his life would be the forfeit of his speaking, but he would rather die than allow the statue to fall and crush several persons, and being an old sailor, he knew that the only way to tighten the ropes was to pour water on them. The Pope, seeing that the man's disobedience was justified, rewarded him, instead of hanging him.

Once a steamboat caught fire on Lake Michigan. Every thing was done to save it but in vain. The passengers and crew were in a panic, rushing hither and thither. Only one man, the pilot, was cool and calm. He stuck to his post, and, as the boilers were full of steam and the engine moving rapidly, he steered the boat towards the shore. Surrounded by flame, his beard and hair burned off, and his clothes often on fire, still he clung to the wheel until at last the bow of the boat ran ashore. The passengers crowded over the side into the water, and swam or waded ashore. Then and only then did the pilot think of his own life. Just as he was about to go ashore, a passenger, wild with terror, exclaimed that his trunk, containing all he had in the world, and without which he would be a ruined man, was still on board the boat. He offered the pilot a large reward if he would save the trunk. The latter seized it by the handle and flung it ashore, though the skin of his hand came off in doing so. The man for whom he did it instantly vanished without even thanking the pilot, much less giving him the reward he promised.

EDGAR RAVENSWOOD.

A lady up-town painted a plaque in the most exquisite manner and expressed it to a friend. Soon after a note of acknowledgement came, in which the lady stated that "It is altogether too nice to use every day, so I only use it for a bread plate when we have company."

EDGAR RAVENSWOOD.

Subsorbite for the DEAF MUTES JOURNAL.

A Quiet Sociable.

A quiet "sociable," which was much enjoyed and appreciated by the recipients, was tendered the Rev. Anson T. Colt and Miss Mary E. Boyay, on the evening of Thursday, February 17th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, West Eighteenth Street, this city. About thirty friends or schoolmates, or both, assembled and discussed cheerily all sorts of topics till about ten o'clock, when refreshments were served. Among those present were the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, whose wife was compelled by illness to remain at home to the regret of all; the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Carlin, Mrs. Sipp, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, Miss Park, Miss Walter, Miss Blauvelt, Miss Howard, Miss Noble, and Messrs. Barnes and Froehlich, who, with Dr. Mark Williams, did their best to make the evening an enjoyable one; it may be added that their efforts, together with those of host and hostess, met with complete success.

NEWARK, N. J.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The mutes of this city and vicinity have been complaining of the laziness of "Pansy" in not writing news to the JOURNAL for a long time.

Last Friday, there was a special meeting of the Deaf-Mute Association, at Vice-President Bousfield's home. It was an important and private business.

After adjourning, Messrs. Bousfield and Caldwell while in search of refreshments, suddenly lost their hats, which were blown off in the darkness. Returning for reinforcements for a thorough search, the party, which was composed of mutes, scoured the streets like hounds after a lost scent. Their movements alarmed the vigilant policeman, who descended on them, and collared the smallest. With uplifted club and threatening voice, he asked the meaning of this scurrying, and for response he received a few vigorous signs. More mystified than ever, he turned to an amused onlooker, who could speak, and who explained the situation. Are they all dummies? he asked, and where do they come from? He was told that they came from a house in the vicinity. How many might there be? Oh, only two hundred. My God, never thought there were that many in the world.

Messrs. Kinney and Bousfield are collecting money for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

Some of our mutes will attend the St. Joseph's Union Reception.

Mr. John Bennett was in town on some business a few days ago, and was with Mr. Ersinger for two days. He went home on Monday last.

A rumor has reached here that the secretary of our Society is engaged to marry a hearing lady.

Business is slack with J. P. Colter, on account of bad weather.

W. C. Ersinger wishes to his friends to know that his mother died on December 10th. He is still employed as engraver.

Mr. and Mrs. Gotthaimer are very happy parents, for a bouncing male baby arrived last December. The writer is at loss to know the date.

Chairman Ersinger of the Mute Society, has not secured any lecturer for next March, but is sure to get one who will lecture to the members very soon.

Miss Minnie Housell has gone to the Whipple School to learn articulation. It is my opinion that she will be able to articulate very well, when she is done learning.

Miss Conklin, of East Orange, N. J., was seen on Broad Street, by the writer last Sunday.

Some mutes desire to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Halsey on their marriage. They are at present residing in East Orange, N. J.

The writer agreed with "Shoe-maker," about Stout's one hundred ricks on his wheel. I doubt it. How can he prove that Stout's performances are from 100 to 500 tricks as advertised? They ought to count these tricks in the Rink, if his saying is true, whenever goes.

TOP SNAP.

Notice.

The deaf-mute residents of Newark, N. J., and vicinity are earnestly invited to attend service in Trinity Chapel on Sunday morning, February 27th, at 11 o'clock.

FIRST CASE.

A middle aged man who was arrested Tuesday afternoon Detective Donlan, of the Seventh Precinct, Brooklyn, N. Y., who caught him begging from door to door along Broadway, intimated to the officer by signs that he was deaf and dumb. On being confronted with Justice Naeher and asked in stenographic tones by his Honor to give an account of himself, the man suddenly recovered the hearing and his speech and gave his name as William Reer. The Justice awarded him six months in the Penitentiary.

Mr. W. A. Bond wrote immediately to the Justice, telling him that the offence was punishable under Section 570 of the Penal Code, Chapter 654 of the laws of 1886, which reads as follows:

"Section 570.— * * * Any person who shall wilfully and intentionally, fraudulently represent himself or herself to be a deaf and dumb person, in order to collect, receive, or otherwise obtain money, food, clothing, or anything of value whatever, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

As this was the first case on record since Mr. Bond had the Penal Code amended. The penalty was not so severe as Mr. Bond wished it. It will be remembered that the JOURNAL published a year ago the passage of the law. If all good deaf-mutes will study the above Section and remember the number of the Section, they will be able to sweep New York State clean of all impostors.

Kansas City.

Mr. Will F. Sholly, Prigge's former employer at Kirksville, Mo., informs us that the police at Little Rock and New Orleans were notified to arrest the swindler. Prigge is badly wanted, and will yet see the bars and don the stripes. He is every inch a rascal, with plenty of cheek and a hand at every trade, good or bad.

Prof. Hiram Phillips, of Olathe, gave a very interesting lecture to the mutes of this city, last Sunday afternoon.

Jacob Dold is not going to Kansas. He has opened a paint shop, and is going to help paint the town.

Henry Brantley has returned from Kansas. He says the mud is just too awful to think of living there. He had to carry twenty pounds of it on each foot at every step.

There is talk among some mutes in Kansas and the members of the Elite Club in this city, of organizing a society to be known as the Western Deaf-Mute Union, to be a literary and benevolent association for the promotion and welfare of the mutes in Kansas and Western Missouri.

Tobe Patmore, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, is doing odd jobs for his hearing brother, who is President of the National Bank, at Litchfield, Kan.

Kansas City gets the St. Louis Maroons, and will show the Browns how to play ball in the exhibition games between our team and St. Louis the coming Spring.

Prof. G. W. Chase will soon start for England, to look after his interest in a large estate there.

DANFORS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 18, 1887.

Beverly Mass.,

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet held a combined service at St. Peter's Church, where a large congregation assembled, listening with great interest to the Doctor's remarks on "Deaf-Mute Education." The writer was not present, so she cannot give a synopsis of what was said.

On the evening of the 5th inst., a small boat-sleigh drawn by a span of horses and containing a very jolly party of eight persons, was seen wending its way toward Stoneham, a distance of fourteen miles, where Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee. Mr. Scoles and Mr. Hurd reside. The party met with a warm welcome at the hands of Mrs. Larrabee and her genial brother and sisters, Mr. Scoles and the Misses Scoles. Mr. Hurd, who was present, sent everybody into gales of merriment with his cute remarks and witticisms. The writer has named him "Prof. Jones, 2nd." At ten o'clock, the party, after shaking hands with the host and hostess at least a dozen times, departed, reaching home soon after midnight.

As the evening was a cold one, every one was well wrapped up, in some cases, only noses being visible, but the writer desecrated the faces of Messrs. Cross, H. P. Chapman, H. A. Chapman, Muleahy, Poland, and Mrs. H. A. Chapman and Mary E. Southwick.

The ride was so enjoyable that another will soon be gotten up, provided the snow takes it into its head to fall.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 24, 1887.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1620 Street and North Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. The price is invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Forms, each in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All our contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Almost every month the JOURNAL receives fresh reports of the swindling operations of a deaf-mute named Prigge. In Missouri, he has lately been swindling a printing firm, whose letter of exposure we printed in last week's JOURNAL. While on his way east from San Francisco, Prigge collected a few subscriptions for the JOURNAL, which he failed to forward, and we only discovered the fraud through the suspicions of a deaf-mute who had confided his money to him. Mr. Widd's exposure of Prigge's rubber stamp game, acted as a check upon his nefarious work, so far as deaf-mutes are concerned. But the general public were victimized to a considerable extent. Prigge had the effrontery to write us a threatening letter, in which he expressed his determination to settle the editor as "his friend Bingham" had done Miss Turlington. If Prigge ever turns up this locality, he will find that the afore-said letter will be the means of providing him with board and lodging in a place where industry and regular hours are encouraged, and where the field for "agents of rubber stamps" is rather limited.

Prigge's method of doing business is to secure the appointment as agent, with the necessary credentials from the firm he is to represent. Then he proceeds to solicit orders, and takes the cash, or a portion of the charges, in advance. So far all is straight and regular. But the crooked part is that he fails to send the order to the firm that has employed him, or, if he does send it, it is generally unaccompanied by the cash. The confiding public waits until its patience is exhausted, then writes to headquarters, and receives the reply that no order has been received. Then both the confiding public and the confiding business firm look for Prigge, who has, in the meantime, skipped to some more congenial and less dangerous locality. We would like to possess a photograph of Prigge, and will be thankful to any one who can accommodate us. We wish to use it to identify him in case he escapes Missouri justice and turns up in this section of the country.

On the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the deaf-mutes generally celebrate the occasion to a considerable extent. This year they have in several places made a point of paying a double tribute of honor and of gratitude by celebrating the day appropriately and at the same time doing honor to the elder Gallaudet. Washington was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Gallaudet was the first in deaf-mute education, and is regarded by deaf-mutes as first in the ranks of philanthropists. Washington gave us a free and unfettered country, Gallaudet gave to deaf-mutes free and unfettered minds. It is gratifying to see the growing and intelligent recognition of the services of Gallaudet, and to know that ere long a statue of bronze will commemorate the great services he performed and noble self-sacrifices which he made for the welfare of the deaf and dumb.

As it is task requiring great labor and much time to go over the large subscription list of the JOURNAL in order to notify those who are in arrears that the time for a renewal of their subscriptions has arrived, we would take it kindly if they will consider this notice sufficient and send in the amount due without further urging. The JOURNAL gives, each week, all the news concerning deaf-mutes, and \$1.50 a year (three cents a week) is a very small sum for so large a return. Remember that the paper is delivered promptly every week, and promptness on the part of subscribers is only doing us justice. We will soon print infor-

mation about the conventions to be held during the coming summer, also all other matters that the deaf-mute public will profit by. All who subscribe will secure information worth twenty times the amount of a year's subscription. No home where a deaf-mute lives, is complete without the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—at least, that is what our readers constantly tell us, and they ought to know better than any one else.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

The Brooklyn Society will have its annual picnic on Saturday, July 30th, at Myrtle Avenue Park.

A deaf-mute, whose name is forgotten, was fatally hurt, a few days ago while walking on the railroad at Alliance, O.

Miss Helena Millett, of Oswego, N. Y., has been visiting with her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Caplin, of Syracuse, N. Y.

All of the Brooklyn, N. Y., dailies had an account of the installation exercises of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks, nee Votra, has left Detroit, with her six-month-old son, for Coldwater, Mich., to join her husband, who has got a position as artist.

Mr. Matt D. Lyon, a well-known deaf-mute, of Welles, Fla., is in the city and is a guest of Jesse K. T. Hoagland—Florida Herald, Feb. 14.

Miss Florence A. Harris has opened a confectionery store at Angell's. All will do well to call on her when they need anything in line. Monticellonian, Ark., Feb. 17.

Rev. Mr. Mann had a baptism in connection with the services at Springfield, O., February 8th. The service at Dayton, the previous evening was largely attended, despite the weather.

Isidore L. Strauss, of Montgomery, Ala., received an invitation to attend the Hebrew Massacre Ball on the 9th of March. He has joined the Royal Club, an organization composed of Hebrews.

Rev. Mr. Shepard for the past three years superintendent of the Texas Institution, has been superseded by Hon. W. A. Kendall. The removal is consequent to a change in the State government.—Bulletin.

Mr. Joseph Mosnat, of Iowa, has worked in one of the largest leading newspapers in Georgia, the Atlanta Constitution, as a printer, for about seven months. He gets \$2 per day. He is well pleased with his situation.

Miss Charlotte Bradford, of Crown Point, has been visiting a schoolmate, Mrs. Harriet Whitney, a mute, of Schenectady, N. Y., and had a very pleasant time. They attended school at the New York Institution together.

Mrs. Benjamin Jackson, of Sparta, Ill., mother of Mr. Milt W. Carr, who has been on a visit of several weeks with her oldest son at McGregor, Texas, returned home, on Thursday, February 10th, well pleased with her trip.

The New York Times and New York Tribune contained an item about Mr. Thomas Godfrey's lecture on the 15th inst. The other papers regarded the lecture as of little consequence, and did not publish anything.

The mother of Mrs. E. D. Denny, of Worcester, Mass., is 99 years and 5 months old. She is getting very feeble and can not walk unaided. Mrs. Denny takes care of her. Mrs. Denny's two sisters died in Newburyport, and were buried in Leicester, Mass. She misses them very much.

There was a man playing the deaf and dumb dodge in Montgomery, Ala., some time ago. He said he came from San Francisco, Cal. He wears a placard on his cap, on which is written: "I am a deaf-mute." He could neither use the sign language or the manual alphabet, but could write. The people strongly suspected him as a fraud, and hence his trick did not work hereabouts. He said he was going to Washington, D. C.

The bill introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Hadley, providing for an appropriation of \$50,000 for the purchase of a site and the erection of buildings for the Northern New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, was recently moved to its third reading, and passed by the Assembly without a single word of opposition or a dissenting vote. "A transaction without precedent," says Speaker Husted, "in the history of the New York Assembly."

The report of Rev. Mr. Mann for the year 1886 presents very interesting statistics of the growth of the Mission in the West. During last year he held 168 services, baptized 38 persons, presented 33 candidates for confirmation and married three couples. In twelve years he has held 1,465 services, had 521 baptisms and about 250 confirmations and married forty couples. He has visited 247 different places. The present number of communicants is nearly three hundred. Mr. Mann's missionary district covers an area of 615,000 square miles, comprising nine thousand deaf-mutes. Of these he reaches three thousand every year, traveling 40,000 miles in that time. His work is truly missionary and its results are remarkable.—Silent Missionary.

Services for Deaf-Mutes. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain is expected to hold services in the Gallaudet Home, on Ash-Wednesday, February 23d, and in St. Paul's Parish Building, (entrance on Jay Street), Albany, at 10:30 A.M., St. Paul's Church, Troy, at 3 P.M., and St. John's Church, Colosse, at 7:30 P.M., on Sunday, February 27th. He hopes also to have a service at Christ Church, Hudson, on Friday, February 25th, at 7:30 P.M.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has recently held sign service for deaf-mutes, on Sunday, in Watervliet, Providence, Boston, Cambridgeport, Beverly, and on week-nights, in Worcester, Stafford, Hartford, and Lynn. He has also visited the school for deaf-mutes in Bevo in Lynn, he made a pastoral visit to Mr. and Mrs. B. Miller, the husband being very feeble. He baptized their son, four years old.

Old Papers Wanted.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 19, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Mr. Bond's frank and manly letter in your last issue is creditable to him, and entirely satisfactory to me. The generous response to my request for files of old papers has whetted my appetite so that I am now trying to make up two files instead of one. My plan is to deposit one set in the library of this College, and the other set in a fire-proof library building at the North, for permanent preservation.

At first I asked for old papers intended for general circulation, but now I shall be glad to negotiate for Institution papers, and, in short, for everything written and printed by the deaf, or for the deaf in America.

I have one full set, each of the Leader, Silent World (of Washington), Silent People, and the Deaf-Mutes' Friend, also odd volumes of these, and many volumes of other papers. I have the promise of a set of the Deaf-Mute Advance. The Gallaudet Guide lacks Nos. 1, and 4, of vol. i, and No. 4, of vol. iii, and the set is rather flimsy for binding. The set of DEAF-MUTES' JOURNALS lacks the first four volumes.

Persons willing to dispose of deaf-mute papers, are invited to send accurate lists of what they have, naming the lowest cash price to the undersigned:

J. G. GORDON, NATIONAL COLLEGE FOR THE DEAF, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Salt Lake City.

The many friends of the Deaf-Mute Institute will be glad to learn that it will probably keep on until next June. The University managers have taken the matter in hand and will use all the means they have to keep it going. At the same time, no more pupils can be admitted until after the end of the spring term. Something may turn up for it benefit in the summer. The board at its meeting last week appropriated enough to pay off its debts.—Salt Lake Daily Tribune, February 5.

There were slight errors in the previous account from the Salt Lake Tribune.

Prof. White's salary is not \$1000, but \$1200 and the assistant teacher is paid out of the Institute funds. Some friends in Boston have taken quite an active interest in the school, and one young lady, the President of a Young Ladies' Guild of Church Workers in the Hub, has raised \$1000 for the Institute in the short space of two days. The Institute has reason to bless its "Guardian Angels" both in Boston and Salt Lake City.

OBITUARY.

BIDDEFORD, Feb. 21, 1887.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Daniel Cleaves, of Saco, died in peace from the diabetes, at his old home, on Monday night, February 7th, at half past eleven o'clock, with which he had been sick and a great sufferer for about two years, and was not able to do any work on his farm, which his father gave him, when died many years ago. He was a deaf-mute farmer by occupation, six miles from the city of Saco, was a highly respected citizen. His son took the charge of the farm till his death. He leaves his widow and only son to mourn their loss. Mr. Cleaves went to school, at Hartford, Conn., in 1833, to be educated.

Some three years ago, he was baptized at Christ Church, in this city, by Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York City, and afterwards was confirmed by Bishop Henry Neeley, of Portland, Me., and united with the Church at the time of his death.

On Thursday afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, his funeral was largely attended by his relatives and sympathizing friends. There were seven deaf-mute mourners present, who attended the funeral, viz, Augustus Titecomb, his wife, and Major Bicknell, all of Saco, and John W. Page, his wife, Mrs. Mary Eras and Miss Mary Bradbury, all of Biddeford. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. W. Synder, Pastor both of Trinity Church in Saco, and of Christ Church, in this city. Mr. Cleaves was buried in his family graveyard, near his residence. His was sixty-eight years and ten months old.

J. W. R.

Guild of Silent Workers.

Mr. Frank B. Thompson will deliver an interesting lecture on Cyrus the Great, in the basement of St. Ann's church on the third of next March Thursday evening at 8 P.M.

Admission free, 25 cents.

J. P. JAMES, Chairman Entertainment Com.

A Lecture before Deaf-Mutes.

There was an unusually large gathering of deaf-mutes from this city and its vicinity in the Sunday-School room of St. Ann's Church, in West Eighteenth St., near Fifth Ave., last evening. The evening was devoted to a lecture by Thomas Godfrey, who took for his subject Hugh Conway's "Dark Days." For two hours he held his auditors spell bound by his dramatic personification of the characters in the story. Though his listeners listened with their eyes instead of ears, there were occasional outbursts of applause. The proceeds of the lecture are to be devoted to the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at Wappinger Falls, which was recently purchased with a farm to make a comfortable home for the aged and infirm deaf-mutes of this State. As the place is situated and maintained by private and individual subscriptions, it is hoped that the hearing people who are charitably inclined, will lend the managers of the Home a helping hand. The home has a mortgage of \$15,000 upon it, and the lecture given last evening was a step toward decreasing the heavy burden.—N. Y. Daily Tribune, Feb. 16, 1887.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Prof. A. G. Bell's Lecture.

"READING."

News Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The meeting of the Literary Society held last Friday evening, was an especially interesting one, and the college chapel, where the meeting was held, was quite filled with members and their friends. The exercises opened with an address by Prof. A. G. Bell on "Reading," and was so interesting and valuable that we will try to give a summary of it. Prof. Bell began by saying that, as he was addressing young men who expected, in a very short time, to go out into the world to make their own places among men, he would try to give his remarks a practical value to his hearers.

In preparing for the serious part of life, while, as yet, no determination has been reached as to what particular object the young man shall devote his efforts, he has no better resource than books—the great store-house of "the best thoughts of the best minds." Every young man is advised to cultivate a habit of reading, and the more one reads the easier it becomes. Whatever we read and however we may do it, we must understand what we read. If the language presents difficulties, they can be overcome only by meeting them again and again. The acquisition of language, especially the English language, is no easy task. Children learn the language easily enough, because for two or three years before they begin to talk, they constantly hear it spoken about them, and learn to speak from mere imitation. It has been calculated that a fond mother in a single day speaks 27,000 words to her child. Deaf-mutes do not possess the great advantage of being able to imitate language unconsciously in their childhood, and hence they find the acquisition of language a difficult task. Repetition is the great secret of learning language, and it is the impossibility of repeating words to the deaf frequently enough that makes their education difficult. Writing, spelling and visible speech, are not to be compared with hearing as a means of acquiring language. To the deaf, no better means of securing this indispensable repetition exists than reading, for a man can read twice as fast as he can understand spoken language. Hence the advice to read as much as possible. For the purpose of acquiring a command of language, the speaker knew of nothing superior to the much disparaged novel. He advocated rapid reading without much reference to a dictionary, as by frequent repetition, the meaning of most words will soon become clear, and because the dictionary definition of a word is usually forgotten as soon as learned. For the purpose of acquiring knowledge, on the other hand, read slowly. First glance at the table of contents, and get a general idea of the scope of the work. Then go over the book rapidly, pencil in hand, marking the most passages, and then carefully re-read, to pick up any crumbs which may have escaped you in the first reading. A third object, which deaf-mutes should have in reading, is to gain some knowledge of matters of general interest. As a deaf-mute is one among fifteen hundred hearing people, if he talks at all, it must be of subjects appertaining to the majority. The newspaper, therefore, should be looked over carefully. The daily catalogue of crimes may be interesting, but as they are hardly subjects for conversation in refined society, they may as well be skipped. Society notes can be read with profit, as the latest bit of society gossip will have its effect with the ladies. Politics will be of interest to gentlemen, as a rule.

A fourth object of reading is mental recreation, which can profitably be combined with the first object which was mentioned in the address, i.e., the acquisition of language, and for this light literature is also best suited. But here a caution, excessive and indiscriminate indulgence in novel reading is not without its dangers, and light literature should be alternated with reading of a heavier character. In conclusion, reading is to deaf-mutes what hearing is to hearing people, and is a link which binds them to the hearing world. The whole world of books lies before you, rich with all knowledge. It is left to you to say whether you will profit by it or not.

The lecture was heartily applauded, as it deserved to be. The fine sign-making of Dr. Gallaudet, who acted as interpreter, made the lecture doubly interesting.

Prof. Bell's lecture was followed by a debate on the question, "Resolved, That ministers of the gospel should take part in party politics," between Messrs. Boland, '88, and Washburn, '90, on the affirmative side, and Messrs. Standacher, '88, and Leitner, '90, on the negative. The judges gave the debate to the affirmative. A dialogue followed between Messrs. Marr, '89, and Tracy, '90, and the exercises closed with a declamation of Montgomery's poem, "The Deep," by Mr. Hemstreet, '89.

The following is from the Ascension Parish Record: "There are now connected with this parish three candidates for holy orders. Mr. James H. Cloud, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, who was confirmed in this parish in 1884, will receive the benefit of the Pinkney scholarship when he begins his theological course next autumn. Mr. B. H. Lawrence, at present connected with the Columbia Preparatory School is the second. Mr. F. Maginn, an undergraduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, can hardly be claimed for this parish, except that he is the able and faithful teacher of the deaf-mute bible class which meets every Sunday in the east vestry room, and is connected with this parish as a communicant."

The class of '90 has secured a class badge. It consists of a triangular piece of silver with the initials N. D. M. C. in a monogram in the center, surmounted with the figures, '90, with the class motto, *Faith, non dicta, underneath*. Maginn, '89, has received the sad news of the unexpected death of his father, Rev. Charles, Maginn at his home in Ireland. The late Mr. Maginn was a brother of a well-known Dr. William Maginn, and was highly respected for his great and varied learning as well as for his personal virtues.

The foot ball team is indebted to Misses Kitty and Grace Gallaudet for knit worsted caps for each of the men. The caps are of blue worsted with buff bands and are very neat, and will be prized quite as much for the sake of their givers as for their own intrinsic value. Judging from the amount of interest displayed in the subject by the various classes, the tug of war in the coming gymnasium exhibition will be one of the most hotly contested in years.

Professor and Mrs. Draper gave a "drive" whist party on Monday evening, which is reported to have been an exceedingly pleasant occasion. Prof. Hotchkiss and Miss Merrill bore off the first prize, while Prof. Draper and Miss Grace Gallaudet won the doubtful honor of coming in last.

The pleasant weather has called out our wheelmen very often, and very pleasant excursions have been made to various parts of the city. The other day one of a party of tricyclists on their way to visit Georgetown College was saluted in perfect good faith by an urehin with the enquiry, "Say, mum, be you the salvation army?" It is surprising what a number of fine machines the Green can turn out on one of these excursions. Prof. Hotchkiss and niece usually lead the way on the Royal Mail, followed by the Misses Gallaudet on their Rudge, Miss Porter on her Victor Racer, Dr. and Mrs. Fay on their Royal Mail, accompanied by Prof. Chickering on his hardbitten Kangaroo, Prof. Dennison on his Humber Pony, and a larger or smaller number of bicyclists. These excursions are not without an element of excitement, for tricycles are hardly things to pin one's faith upon, and a difference of opinion sometimes arises between the tricycle and its rider, which usually ends in the latter sitting down in the first convenient gutter with more emphasis than grace.

Miss Lillian Holbrook whom many of our graduates remember very pleasantly as at prof. Chickering's. Miss Holbrook spent the Christmas holidays in the north, and was quite seriously injured by a fall upon an icy pavement. We are glad to say that she is rapidly recovering from the effects of the accident.

There is a fine large tom-cat at the Primary Department of the Institution, who has been unanimously christened Romeo on account a habit he has of climbing nightly to the open window of one of the lady teachers. It is, however, safe to say that no such tragic ending as Shakespeare records will happen in this case.

Wednesday being the thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Institution, Dr. Gallaudet invited the members of the faculty to take tea with him to celebrate the occasion.

The pleasant weather has brought quite a large number of visitors to witness our gymnasium drill. On Thursday, a couple of Uncle Sam's gallant tars were in the gallery, and displayed much interest in the exercises.

Prof. Weston Jenkins, Principal of the New Jersey School, and wife, inspected the college on Thursday and remained until Saturday morning.

On Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Melville Ballard received a belated valentine in the shape of a little girl. The little girl is doing well, and we extend our congratulations.

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On Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Melville Ballard received a belated valentine in the shape of a little girl. The little girl is doing well, and we extend our congratulations.

A tame bear furnished the pupils of the Kendall School with considerable amusement on Wednesday noon.

Prof. Draper preached yesterday's afternoon sermon, taking as his text "Be ye perfect."

As we write, the snow is falling thick and fast, and the neighborhood has put on a very wintry appearance.

VAN.

Feb. 21, '87.

The Brooklyn Society.

The Brooklyn Society will hold its fourth annual picnic and festival at Myrtle Avenue Park, on the afternoon and evening of July 30th.

Mr. Charles Bryan will lecture before the Brooklyn Society on Wednesday evening, March 23rd, and Editor Hodgson, of the JOURNAL will deliver one before the same society on the evening of May 25th. Mr. Hodgson's subject will be "Thinking."

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Local happenings are very scarce hereabouts, yet a good deal has been crowded into a short space lately, at the Mute School.

The pupils of three upper classes have enrolled themselves members of a society, called "The Gallaudet Literary Society," and on February 5th, held their first regular meeting, and elected a board of officers as follows: President Mr. G. M. Teegarden; Vice-President, Mr. John Price; Secretary, Mr. H. Bards; Critic, Mr. R. B. Allabough; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Torrence Patton, and a committee on Literary Exercises, Messrs. Balis, Raker and Miss Lottie Henry.

The members consist of three ranks or classes: "Regular," "Sustaining," and "Honorary." The first includes the pupils of the Institution, the second, the deaf officers of the Institution, whose experience and guidance are necessary in the beginning and until the pupils can conduct the exercises themselves. The honorary members are officers and employees of the Institution, not deaf, and such distinguished persons interested in the education of the deaf as the Association may desire to elect.

The Association will meet regularly every fortnight on Saturday evenings. On February 19th, the first program was carried to a successful issue, creating much enjoyment, as follows:—

After the usual business meeting, debate upon the resolution that "Country Life is preferable to City Life," resulting in a verdict for the affirmative side, led by Master Price, though the negative, Master John Naughton, made some good hits.

This was followed by the recitation of the hymn, "My Faith Looks up to Thee," delivered in graceful signs by Miss Ida Heim, a tiny blush-rose of a maiden. Her rendition of the same piece at Christmas in a city church, brought the tears to many an eye.

Prof. J. H. Brown followed with a forty-minute lecture on "Animals," which was listened to with wrapt attention, being a subject always acceptable, and "taking" with deaf-mutes as well as other folks.

The Critic's report, which followed, was a good one, pointing out the various defects so common in a beginner upon the rostrum.

The actors themselves enjoyed it as much as any body, and took it all good naturedly, as is, indeed, characteristic of the deaf, when they believe in their monitor, and feel that all is for their welfare.

The programme for March 5th includes debate upon "Carpentry vs. Shoemaking," a "Dialogue," "Declamation," and an "Essay," all actors being chosen from among the regular members.

The action of our Principal in permitting the joint membership of the boys and girls, is appreciated.

The inception and successful foundation of the Association is to the credit of Mr. Allabough alone. Being Supervisor of the boys and in constant intercourse with them, and dwelling under the same roof, he has unusually favorable opportunities for such work. The teacher and deaf employees give him "God speed," and all the assistance they can, while the Principal readily seconds his efforts by prompt acquiescence in all measures suggested for the furtherance of the object, and the successful carrying forward of the Association and its plans for the Institution's welfare and the enjoyment of its inmates.

The tedious of Sunday is broken now and then by an evening assembly in the chapel, when some one lectures upon "Persons and Events in Sacred History." Mr. Allabough opened up the series by a lecture on "Ruth and Naomi" and "Nehemiah." Mr. Teegarden followed last Sunday, with "Ester." Mr. Allabough, on the 13th, gave a description of Jerusalem, acting in concert with Mr. Balis, who gave, "The Siege of Jerusalem and Destruction of the Temple," on Feb. 20th. These lectures are not a part of the "regular" routine, yet they occur often enough to be a very highly appreciated change in the long, tiresome, Sunday routine. There can be too much of a good thing, therefore these pastimes are not to be made so common as to lose their interest.

The deaf people of Pittsburgh and their friends have inaugurated an Association called "The Pittsburgh Delegate Association." Their object is to ensure a sufficient number of delegates to the next convention at Washington, D. C., in 1888, to secure reduced rates and special accommodation from the R. R. Co., between Washington and Pittsburgh. The plan is to require members to make weekly payments, from Feb. 3d, 1887, to June or July, 1888, and thus be sure of funds for the purchase of tickets.

Miss Sarah Woodsie, of Pittsburg, is treasurer, and the management consists of a committee of five members. The constitution provides for fines etc., for non-payment of dues, deduction from amount deposited in case of non-attendance, except in event of death or sickness, and the usual conduct of a mutual trust association.

The object is a good one and the plan worthy of imitation, for it exemplifies the adage "Slow and Sure." It might be well to see how the new law on Interstate Commerce and Regulation of R. R. Rates will affect the powers of companies to grant reduced rates, etc., next year. If they cut off theatrical companies, they will have little consideration for other people, though, in justice, it is only fair to say they have always shown a liberal spirit where the travelling

deaf and dumb have been concerned.

DEAR JOURNAL, don't waste any more words on that "phenomenon" at the head of the Advance newspaper. He cannot understand your sallies, much less appreciate them

INDIANA.

The "Advance."

LECTURE.

Etcetera.

(From our regular correspondent.)

The *Deaf Mute Advance*, of February 12, is before us. In perusing the editorial entitled "A Filthy Paper," we were not only surprised but disgusted upon coming across the following:—"The *Advance* does not publish unreliable news, nor indecent items about degraded deaf-mutes, nor impertinent items about the better class of deaf-mutes." Before proceeding with the subject matter of this letter, we must first ask ourselves: Does the *Advance* really understand the meaning of the phrases "unreliable," "indecent," "impertinent"? The anxiety with which the *Advance* accepted for publication letters from Indianapolis gossippers assures us of its misunderstanding of the terms set forth, and we will accept this ignorance as a good reason why we should not censure the paper more severely than we would do under other circumstances.

Our Western contemporary puts us in mind of that little bit of journalism which once sailed under the appellation of "The Progress." The contempt justly showered upon that little newspaper to journalistic honors blew it out of existence before the curiosity of the public was half gratified, and the *Advance* in all particulars (even in name) resembles "The Progress," except that it has been enjoying the prolonged ridicule of the public. The success of the *Advance* can easily be accounted for; the services of the "Editor of the Progress" have been transferred to the *Advance* in the capacity of Indianapolis co-correspondent. We have the honor of not knowing him personally, but know him well enough by his writings, and it is consequently not necessary to dwell upon the curiousness of his productions. However, the ingenuity with which he secures "news," entitles him to our admiration (special admiration, you know).

It is needless to say the *Advance* in this part of the state is welcomed only by those who have been hired to send unreliable, "indecent" and "impertinent" items to that paper. It only surprises us that such personalities should be accepted for publication, and nothing but misunderstanding of the nature of the communications and the means for the filling up of spaces could have induced their acceptance. The *Advance* seems to have made a specialty of such correspondence. We take special pride, however, in saying that the gentlemen whose reputations were thus assailed, never gave the slightest notice to what was said of them, and that they did not consider it worth while even to contradict these reports. Taking the above as premises, we draw the conclusion that the *Advance* is guilty of a misunderstanding of the terms made conspicuous in the editorial above referred to. The *Advance's* use of the words of Lucrinius, were evidently missent, and we return them, where they rightly belong: "How wretched are the minds of men, how blind their understandings."

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services in the chapel this morning, were conducted by Mr. H. W. De Motte, who, nearly a quarter of a century ago, was one of the most valued instructors at our institution, but who is now President of the Xenia, O. Female Seminary. His text was from Romans 3:23 "All have sinned." Though Mr. De Motte has not been, for a number of years, brought in actual contact with the sign language, yet he directed his discourse in a most forcible and effective manner, and it is saying the least that we had the privilege of listening to one of the best sermons ever delivered here. We regret that the wants of space prevents a detailed account.

HAPPY HAPPENINGS.

Miss Alfa Robertson, who has been confined for nearly six weeks, is out again, and gives signs of an entire recovery.

Miss Aida McCarty, of Pendleton, was the guest of Miss Robertson for a few days last week.

Business in the city brought Mr. Orson Archibald over from Brookston, and we were honored with several calls from him. The time originally allotted for his stay was one week, but the persuasions of friends prevailed, and Mr. Archibald has kindly consented to extend his stay until after the 22d instant, much to our gratification.

Mr. and Mrs. Todd entertained a number of their friends from the Institution last Sunday evening. Among those present were Messrs. Price, Coe, and Kinsley, and Messrs. Archibald, Jait, Morrow and Berg, and Mr. Dantzer and Mr. Michael from the city. We forgot to mention that pretty little Edna Todd was one of us that evening.

At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Corwin, a number of friends gathered last evening at their home.

It is not appropriate to mention under this heading that Miss Lowe had been sick all last week. It is appropriate, however, to say that she is fully recovered.

WHAT TO EXPECT.

Mr. and Mrs. Todd have invited friends to tea this evening. The pupils of the Institution will be entertained at a social gathering the coming Saturday.

With the permission of our Superintendent preparations will be pushed forward for a masquerade ball Tuesday eve., February 22d.

Are we to expect the proposed (?) debate to come off between Evansville and Indianapolis for the benefit of the Gallandet Memorial Fund? or has it gone the rounds only in the form of smoke?

EHWEAT.

February 14, '87.

MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Did Geo. H. Martin, of Detroit, call himself "Hon."?

We wish to know where is Ed. Van Damme, the peddler?

Peter McNulty, a deaf-mute cooper of Detroit, wants a job bad.

Thos. R. Leach, of Osoda, is still prowling around the town now-a-days.

James Sullivan, of Muskegon, wants the address of Hon. Geo. E. Morton.

David Shoemaker, of Staunton, who has been spending a few weeks with friends in Nebraska, returned to his home last month.

Twenty-five miles a day for six weeks is what a friend of John Deatsman, of Sebawa, did with a diet of apples alone. His health at the end was better than at the beginning.

It is rumored that a deaf-mute lady of Detroit, has a toboggan suit made of an India shawl, and on the slide she conveys the idea of rapid extravaganza.

A horse belonging to John Pierson, a deaf-mute farmer of Springport, got out of the lot the other day, and went hunting, and after being gone half a day, returned with pocket-book containing \$14 in his mouth.

Allen Hamilton, of Fenton, is the father of a twelve pound daughter. Mother and child are doing well. This makes just as fine a pair as there is in Genesee Co.

Fred. Gortwerth, of Detroit, tried a toboggan slide while at the Hubbard. The first time he tried it, the toboggan started too quick for him, and he sat down about a foot behind it. He said he "jacked up" the toboggan in the "Sag" all the same.

We heard Geo. Pepin, of Clemens, was going to keeping house before long. How is that, Geo.? Get good cigars, when you pass them around. No "two fers" will go.

James Brown, of An Sable, is back from Alpena. He says they concoct a beverage over there called "stone fence," composed of hard cider and old rye, that knocks a novice silly.

Joe. Dolan, of Ionia, formerly pupil of the Buffalo School, has taken his time to seek employment elsewhere. Joe, by his gentlemanly manners and kindness, has made a host of friends while in Ionia.

A Kersein, of Pt. Huron, spent one day, two weeks ago fishing. We are informed he had great luck, catching one fish weighing three ounces, and measuring one and one half inches in length. Allie is quite a fisherman.

It is said that Geo. W. Holland, the well-known travelling agent of Jonesville, has gone west on a business trip.

Ed. Van Every, of Detroit, is quite a lively man, and keeps things stirring. He is still working with Van Leyer & Co., as an engraver.

Luzzim Raulto, of Detroit, is one of the most popular deaf-mute dude in Detroit.

Nick Doestch, of Detroit, smokes a breadwork pipe. He says he cannot afford cigars on his present salary.

Charles Gunmaer, of Grand Rapids, says he is thinking of going into the partnership with Isaac Ries, former pupil of the Flint School, in the oyster business at Vicksburg, Miss.

E. M. Bristol, of Muskegon, has turned over a new leaf, and will hereafter lead a married life.

M. H. Kerr, the famous deaf-mute artist, is in Detroit from St. Louis, Mo., now enjoying a few weeks of needed rest. It is hoped that Mr. Kerr will not get in the wrong pew this time.

Miss Emma Abbott, formerly matron of the Flint Institution, but now of the Blind School at Lansing, has been sick for some time, but we are glad to hear she is improving, and expects soon to be able for duty.

John Deatsman, of Sebawa, says he does not expect to make his home in that lonely village. He wishes to go to the Black Hills in Dakota, or the mining regions in Colorado, to work. We are informed that he was once in Dakota, a year ago.

Willie C. Murray, of the firm of Poppendick & Murray, Boots and Shoes dealers, Homer, went up to Williamston, and brought back a wife; it surprised some of us, for Willie kept it so quiet. That must be a good place to find them. We wish them all a bright and pleasant future.

Jas. Alexander, who lives near Kalamazoo, has been north on a hunting expedition. He has just returned in improved health and excellent spirits. We have not heard now many bears he killed, but we are advised that some of James' neighbors have been indulging in sparrow pot-pie, quite frequently, ever since he returned.

It is hard to surprise some country landlords. A deaf-mute by the name of Thomas Bennett, of Albion, had

scarcely registered the name of Christopher Columbus at a village tavern in Calhoun County, when the landlord reached out his paw, and exclaimed: "How are ye, Chris? Been expectin' ye ever since the year 1492?"

There is a rumor that Preston D. Perry, the type setter at Potter Printing Co., has won the affections of a young deaf-mute lady, and will soon ask for a leave of absence to go and bring her to his home as his wife. Preston has quit wearing a Colt's navy strapped to his waist, but he still decorates his head with a cowboy sombrero.

Will some of the correspondents of the JOURNAL inform me the name of the author, as well as the title of song containing the following words:

"Oh, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loves me so
Is there never a clink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore;
I remember all that I said;
And now thou wilt hear me no more, no more,
Till the sea giveth up her dead."

Joe. Dolan, of Ionia, told us that he met John Nash, of Grand Rapids, one day last summer, and oh! what a nose he had on him. Joe said,

"Well, John, what is the matter with your nose this morning, did the chemical hit you?" "Naw, it didn't; that's what I got for peace-making. Next time I see a fight, you bet, I am going to let them fight it out." But Joe said he has heard so many stories about how John came by that nose. We are told we dare not game on it.

Miss Maggie Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kennedy of Morris, a graduate of the Michigan Institution for educating deaf-mutes in this city, has been appointed to a position as a teacher in the Day School for educating deaf-mutes in St. Louis, Miss. Miss Kennedy lost her hearing through a violent attack of cerebral spinal meningitis when about eight years of age, but has retained the faculty of speech and articulation quite well. She has a bright intellect and a pleasing personal appearance, and is clearly evincing for her a bright career as a teacher of deaf-mutes. —*The Flint Globe.*

CATCH IN THE ACT.

Under the above caption the Monroe Commercial giving the following facts concerning the wrong doings of the mute Hagay, who was a pupil at the Flint Institution during Mr. Parker's administration and who so conducted himself that it was found necessary to expel him. His conduct seems unimproved ever since, as is clearly evinced from the unjocular mention of his latest escapade:

Schmidt & Son have several times missed money from their till, and they have had well founded suspicions as to the identity of the thief. They observed that Charles Hagay, a deaf-mute, one of their pupils, was appearing in the money that he was earning and concluded about two weeks ago to disburse with his service. Sunday after closing the market John Schmidt and William Wain noticed Hagay, who was a pupil at the Flint Institution, and who was seen in the rear of the market. They took up a position where they could see the rear of the store, and with reward, and seeing their man push up a window and crawl in. They promptly followed him and found him making for the till. Wahl kept him in the building while Schmidt called in a constable. He escorted the young man to the cooler. Monday he was arraigned before Justice Jaminet upon a charge of breaking and entering a building with intent to commit the crime of burglary. He pleaded guilty, and in default of bail for his appearance to answer in the circuit court will spend his time in jail.

C. R. Barnett, the well-known printer of Lansing, at one time editor and proprietor of the Michigan *Deaf-Mute Recorder*, is going to start a small newspaper in the near future, for the benefit of the Michigan Deaf-Mute Alumni Association. Mr. Barnett will publish the paper, twice a month, from March to August. The mates, who will attend a reunion at the Flint Institution, next August (providing the consent of the Board of Trustees can be obtained), send their names and addresses to Mr. Barnett, and get the paper free.

When you want to subscribe for a good mute paper, take the New York *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. It ranks among the best papers in the country, ably edited and managed. The Journal has ample reason to feel proud of its success thus far.

Yours truly,

CONEJOS.

Birthday Party.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR AND A GOOD TIME.

It was a merry company of young ladies and gentlemen who assembled at the elegant home of Miss Alice M. Hatch, a bewitching belle of some eighteen summers, on the evening of Saturday last, for the purpose of celebrating her birthday.

At eight o'clock, the first of those who had been favored with an invitation began to arrive, others followed in quick succession, and at half-past nine the spacious parlors were well-filled with the *elite* of matedom and the oral world.

Conversation, brilliant and gay, an assumed "boycot" on the part of two or three towards one of their number, made things lively for a time, but soon the eyes of the genial manager of the affair, Don Carlo Le Clercq, began to open to the responsible position he occupied, his intellectual brow assumed a thoughtful mien, and suddenly swinging his hand with a mystic air, the musicians, who had been watching for the signal, instantly struck up a waltz, and soon couples were whirling round and round the room, and then the lancers and other dances followed in quick succession.

At half-past ten, supper was announced as ready, a march was struck up and the company descended to the dining room, where were found tables laden with the good things which go to make up a feast fit for the gods; there were apples and oranges, bananas, figs and cakes in profusion; sandwiches, coffee, molasses, candies, ices and ice cream, etc. Manager Le Clercq, taking a position near the young hostess, rapped for attention, and having got it, made a complimentary speech referring to Miss Alice, which was received with applause, that young Miss blushing replying to the same with a gentle "thank you."

The feast then came in for attention, and was discussed with a vim amid much jollity and good feeling, during which his "ludship," Viscount, W. H. Rose, who, while a student at "Fanwood," had acquired the art of waiting on others, found the force of habit too much for him, used his napkin for an apron, and began helping all to the good things spread out before them. Supper finished, all returned to the parlors, "forfeits" was played, the "bench" being occupied successively by Judges Waters and Rose.

At half past eleven the party began to show signs of breaking up, wraps were resumed and after many expressions of delight all departed for their homes carrying with their pleasant memories of the good time they had enjoyed.

During the evening, Miss Alice received many bouquets and boxes of flowers from her mute friends, while presents of a more costly nature were giving her by relatives.

At this party a good contrast of the benefits of the system of instruction as carried on at Fanwood and the 44th Street, now Lexington Ave. school, could be had, pupils and students from both being present, and it was a noticeable fact that at whichever institution they had attended all the mutes could and did use the sign language, while intellectually Fanwood's pupils and graduates at the party were the bullwits of the affair.

Among the many present were Mr. Will Whipple, accompanied by the charming Miss Annie Austin, of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfaff, Mr. Geo. Porter and Miss Tillie Horrich, the Miss Stella and Belle Hatch, Mr. Geo. Fuller and Miss Edith Austin, Misses Lillie and Nellie Price, Misses Maggie and Nettie Bothner, Keeler, Maggie Jones, Lizzie Smith, Maggie Bisset, Lizzie Brink, Lizzie Kempmann, Annie Parmel, and Messrs Geo. L. Reynolds Bachroache, Sheely, Rose, Frankheim, Bothner, Sheldon, Waters, Soper, Nuber, Yankauer, Taggard and many others.

YUM YUM.

Feb. 21, 1887.

OHIO.

Jacob W. Stiebelton, formerly of Stoutsville, but recently located at various places, and this winter at Harveysburg with Banks Dakin, has again made a "jump," but in what direction, we are not as yet posted.

Samuel and Willison Stiebelton, brothers to the above "grasshopper," have been for quite a while located at or near Lima, Allen Co., O., and employed, we believe, in the oil fields, which have created so much sensation of late by the great flow of gas and oil.

Report reaches us from Mansfield that the parents of Miss Annie Huff have been making inquiries as to the whereabouts of their mute daughter, the said "Annie," as she had not been heard from for quite a while. The last seen of her by her parents, was before the holidays, when she left in company with the "dead beat" Samuel McClannahan who claimed to be rich and owned much land down in Ross Co., near Hallsville. It is generally supposed that he has since married Miss Huff. The writer received a letter from parties who are on the look out for McClannahan, inquiring if he and Miss Huff were down this way. We are in sympathy with the parents of Miss Huff, for they are said to be most respectable people and held in high esteem by the people in their part of the country. We hope the matter will be solved.

Milton Beam, of Waynesville, and Miss Millie Gilhaus, of Cincinnati, were married in Cincinnati, December 29th, 1886. Mr. and Mrs. Beam are both graduates of our Ohio School and Mr. Beam is well-known in the *Chronicle* as E. Nough and has many friends who wish him and bride much happiness, long life and prosperity.

Miss Mollie A. Marks, who has been visiting friends and relatives at Mansfield, Canton and other places, since the school closed in Columbus last June, has returned again to her old quarters in the family of the editor of the *Chronicle*, greatly benefited by her long rest, which, no doubt, she greatly appreciates.

There has been an Association for Deaf-Mutes, organized in Columbus recently, which is to hold meetings every two weeks, with quite a large membership for so young an association. For the present, they are holding their gatherings in the Union Hall, on Main Street. The election of officers for the ensuing year, resulted as follows: President, Edward J. Scott; Vice-President, Parley P. Pratt; Secretary, Joseph W. Leib; Asst. Secretary, Miss Mary Dandon; Treasurer, Thomas McGinness; Librarian, Miss Lizzie Atchison, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Minego. The membership is comprised of Active and Associate members. The Associate members are those who either live out of the city, or who are not so situated that they can attend regularly. At present, the Association is going under the name of the Columbus Deaf-Mute Literary Society. Long may it wave, is the wish of the writer.

Ed Dandall, the famous Deaf-Mute ball ballist, has, we understand, signed to pitch for the Syracuse, N. Y., Club. We congratulate that club in securing so worthy a man as Dandall, and say he will prove all and perhaps more than they'll expect of him.

Willie Hoy, of Honectown, Hancock Co., O., although a young player, is certainly making his mark in the Diamond. He has signed to play with the St. Louis Maroons next season. Willie's last year's record with a Wisconsin Club is no bad showing, and we hope he will prove his ability next season and astonish the natives of St. Louis.

A GALA TIME.

St. Joseph's Union Scores A Brilliant Success.

MAYOR WHITNEY AND MEMBERS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL MAKE SPEECHES.

A Gay Time Brilliantly Described.

The reception of St. Joseph's Union of Brooklyn in the City Assembly Rooms, February 21st, culminated the ball season herabouts. It ends in speciality glories. All the handsome men and women in deaf-mutedom and their friends, donned their most becoming dresses to foot their nimble graces at the final merrymaking of a jolly season. For over two hours the rush and crush and heat caused the stalwart door keepers, P. J. Fogerty and D. J. Sullivan, to fume and perspire with an energy which threatened to transfer their six feet of bone and muscle into vapor. Once within the charmed barrier, everything and everybody became resplendent with light and good nature, while the vigorous musicians, under the direction of Prof. R. E. Sause, displayed their lung power in disseminating choice melodies.

The hall was handsomely decorated with flags of all nations, set in pieces, fans, etc., which made it resemble a veritable fairy bower, through which stalwart lads and handsome lassies wandered with smiling faces and sparkling eyes, as though they were in elysium.

It is said that the New York post office is a great place to whistle. As soon as a small boy or a sedate old coddler enlivens its portals a fit of whistling seizes them. It cannot be explained how it thus is.

The City Assembly Rooms have a like reputation. There the mirthful ends of a man begin to sparkle with jokes, antique and modern.

As our clever young friend, John O'Brien, ambled in with his charming sister, and while waiting for a hat check he asked the door-keeper as a cat skipped down stairs: "What does the cat go down cellar for?" And as Jimmy Fogerty looked mystified, he answered "Rats," and as this joke rattled ominously off his fingers, he was asked by another young fellow whose identity, happily, was lost in the crush: "Why does the money-taker wear a black hat?" Johnny could not guess; so the unknown caused a thunderclap of chestnuts to gather by exclaiming, "To keep his head warm, of course."

The remarks of "Montague Tigr" in last week's JOURNAL about New York girls, who would waltz around in (paste) diamonds, etc., were a "little too previous" to say the least. It was a gathering of the *elite*. It was enough to satisfy the most aurora-borealis taste of the most fantastic of artists to look upon the varied colored costumes and the sparkling gems which adorned the beauties who graced the ball with their presence. Even the man with the forty horse-power tongue and the young chatter-box, who gabbled crazy-quits and bonnet-trimmings, could only stammer: "Is not it glorious!"

The decorations were well worth coming a long way to see. Every glory of color was brought out by the blending of flags and shields, gas jets and wreaths, stars, flowers and other fanciful designs. It seemed as though rainbows, irises and aurora-borealis had met in the hall to take a last farewell jubilee before the advent of Lent, when, for a time, at least, all those lovely costumes will be laid aside, and only the memory of past events will remain.

The grand march, which began at 10:30 o'clock, revealed the President of the Union, J. F. Donnelly, and his graceful wife, following came Assistant-Floor Manager, William Sweeney, accompanied by his charming wife. Following came Hugh Lackery, President of the Brooklyn Temperance Association, and Miss Bella Gardiner, Anthony Capelli and Miss A. Austin, and so on by actual count exactly one hundred and eighty-seven couples went through the windings of the march.

The march was the longest one ever seen at a similar gathering, and it was with great difficulty carried out successfully, some of the newest fashions having to be omitted on account of the crush. It formed a feast of novelty and charm to the eye and imagination of visitors. The many colored flash of the diamond, mingled with the blue of the sapphire, and the turquoise, and the green of the emerald, and the rich ripe red of the ruby.

At 12 o'clock, Mayor Whitney, accompanied by Dr. Hausenback, one of the Brooklyn coroners, and entered the ball room, and witnessed waltzes to the fascinating strains of "Ma-berry Springs." At the conclusion of the music, he made a few remarks, which were interpreted by the Rev. John Chamberlain, and were received with thunder, of applause. The Coroner also said a few words, which were also loudly applauded. Then Alderman Smith, a bean-ideal of what a statesman should be, fell in line, and addressed the assembly as if he was urging the passage of a bill in the Common Council Chamber. Deputy Clerk, M. J. Cummings, and wife, were also on hand. Mr. Philip Tobin, who knows every politician of any note in

Brooklyn, kindly assisted the Union in receiving its political guests, and by the way in which he was greeted by the politicians, it was apparent that Philip is rather a big toad in the political puddle, though he is at present only the door-keeper of the Common Council Chamber. Governor Hill was detained so long at the Oxford Club's reception that he failed to appear at this ball, but it is said he sent suitable apologies to the chairman by messenger. Rev. Father Ward dropped in for a few minutes, and said as he departed, "Be sure and have a good time." L. Degnon, President of St. Charles Young Men's Union, was also present with his sister. Several other members of this Union were also present.

We regret that the *World* reporter carried off our list of names, but we trustfully confided them to his care under a sacred promise to insert it thus enabling us to give them to the JOURNAL readers. Now we have to give a pretty small hint as to who was there as we must use our thinking cap.

Among others were W. L. Waters, John Reilly, J. W. Lyons, Ed. McConville, D. J. Sullivan and Miss Fannie Welch, Robert Rask, T. McConville, J. J. Fogerty, of Flushing, L. L. Mr. Howard, of North Carolina, Mr. Bruthi, of Philadelphia, Mr. Partington, J. A. Mulgrave, Misses M. A. Donnelly, Katie Madden and sister, Miss Doyle, Miss Nellie Kelly, J. F. J. Tresch, Mr. Left, Miss Powers, sister of Judge Powers, Mr. Kenney, the Misses Finn and Blarrock, of Newark, N. J., Messrs. Lenahan and Clackett, Superintendent of Police Campbell and his charming wife, Senators Griswald and Garrett Cullen, George Wallace, Superintendent of the J. S. Tonis Manufacturing Co., James Delaney, of the *Catholic Youth*, James L. Cornish, of the Cornish Organ Co., of Washington, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Miss Eva Barz, Mr. and Mrs. McNamara, Misses Gillen, of Woodhaven, L. I., and Emma Long, Thomas Brown, James Egan, Misses McLoughlin, McCue, Mackie, and Lizzie Luffery and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Miss Rose Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Hams, Miss Henry, Thomas Holland, the Hanneman brothers, J. H. Leonard, J. D. Shelton, C. E. Green, Mrs. Bailey, Miss Gantz, and a great many others, who cannot be called to mind just now. The floor manager was Mr. Bernard Donnelly, assistants were Messrs. Thomas F. Fox and William Sweeney. The floor committee were Messrs. J. F. Mahoney, Chairman, and J. F. O'Brien, W. J. Reilly, W. J. O'Neill, T. A. Donnelly, James Mackie, John Lloyd, Jr., Joseph O'Brien, J. F. McLoughlin, James Delaney, John L. Corish.

The reception committee were Thomas Hayden, Chairman, John Kaupper, William J. White, John Long, James McCloskey, J. H. Donnelly, Anthony Capelli, G. S. Porter and J. C. Reilly.

The following clipping will give an idea of the tenor of a half a column account in the *World* of the 22nd.

The senses of hearing and of speech formed no element in the reception, but the absence of features in that direction were more than offset by the beauty of the decorations. They were more of the regulation ball-room decorative platitudes, but really beautiful hangings of hanging and floral settings, the arrangement of which was due to the energy of Messrs. J. F. O'Neill, D. J. Sullivan Jr., and W. J. Reilly.

The Union felt very grateful to Mr. John F. O'Brien, of New York, for assistance during the grand March. His assistance prevented a great deal of confusion. Also to the Rev. John Chamberlain for interpreting the remarks of the Mayor; to Mr. P. J. Fogerty for assistance at the door; to Messrs. Bernard, Donnelly, T. F. Fox and William Sweeney for their efforts to make the dancing part of the entertainment a success. It is estimated that there were seven hundred present. The following will give a good idea of the ball, as compared with other previous affairs. A Comedy in two acts. Scene 1.—Place: Irving Hall, Time 11 p. m. January 19. Date of Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union Ball, James P. Mahoney, of Brooklyn to Scribe: "Do you think we can get up as good a ball as this?" Scribe, "Of course!" J. P. Donohue comes on scene and says: "That fellow (indicating Jim) says the Brooklyn ball will be as good as this; that's impossible." Curtain. Scene II. Time 4:30 a.m.; date February 22d. End of St. Joseph's Union ball. James P. Mahoney to scribe: "So we have had as good a ball, if not better, than the New York boys." J. P. Donohue comes on scene and says to scribe: "I must confess that I enjoyed myself here more than at both the two former balls put together. I only intended to stay a few hours, but here it is almost 5 a.m."

X.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 22.

MONTREAL.

VISIT VICEREGAL PARTY VISIT THE MACKAY INSTITUTION ON SATURDAY—INTERESTING EXERCISES BY THE PUPILS—AT THE JACQUES CARTIER.

His Excellency the Governor-General, accompanied by Lady Lansdowne, Lady Florence Stratfield and Hon. H. J. Anson, visited the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes and the Blind on Saturday afternoon last. The president, managers and superintendent were in waiting to receive the viceregal party, and an address of welcome was read by Mr. Hugh Mackay, president.

His Excellency, in replying, said:—Mr. President, ladies gentlemen,—I have to thank you for having given

me an opportunity of visiting one of the most interesting of the public institutions which Montreal owes to the liberality and to the philanthropy of its citizens. The work which is done within the walls of these buildings has very special claims upon our sympathy. There is probably no respect in which the cause of humanity has made greater advances than in the treatment of those members of the human family who, from no fault of their own, and themselves suffering under the terrible disabilities involved by deprivation of the gifts of speech, hearing or sight. There was a time when these afflictions were regarded as dispensations of Providence to be submitted to with patience, but without the idea of endeavoring to combat them or throw them off. In the present time it is conceded that Christian charity can find no better form of expression than when it calls to its aid the resources of modern science for the purpose of alleviating these forms of human suffering. In institutions such as yours, charity and science have worked hand in hand so successfully that many persons laboring under these apparently crushing infirmities have been virtually restored to their places in society, and have had their lives rendered almost as bright and attractive and useful as those of their more fortunately endowed brethren. I can well conceive that the friends of this institution should have earned the gratitude of its inmates, and I think I may add, without fear of contradiction, that they deserve not less the gratitude of the whole Canadian community, and as its official head it gives me very great pleasure indeed to express my thanks to you and the satisfaction with which I have been enabled to pay this visit. If the connection of my name with the Mackay Institution affords any recognition of the value of its services, I can assure you that I am glad that my name should be so connected. I have to thank you heartily, sir, for this address, which I shall preserve as an agreeable memento to my visit to you.

AN ADDRESS FROM THE PUPILS.

Miss MacFarlane, one of the pupils, then wrote the following impromptu address on the blackboard:—

Nothing could give us greater pleasure than to welcome Your Excellencies to our institution. We appreciate the honor you have conferred upon us this day. We are happy, only too happy, to point you among the governors-general with their ladies who have visited this institution since its erection. We hope and trust you will be pleased with all you hear and see, and this may form one of the many pleasant recollections of your Canadian visit. Wishing you a happy sojourn in Canada.

On behalf of the pupils,
S. J. MACFARLANE.

"God save the Queen," and other pieces in sign language were then given by the pupils, and interpreted by Mr. John Ashcroft, one of the staff. Her Excellency Lady Lansdowne and Lady Florence Stratfield were at this point presented each with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, by Miss Etta Wiegert, of Sherbrooke, and Master Adam Hewetson, of Toronto, pupils of the institute. The articulation and lip-reading, and the system, as explained by the superintendent, Miss McGann, were, of course, interesting features of the school work shown.

His Excellency then said:

MISS MCGANN:—Will you be good enough to tell the children from me how glad I am to have come here today and to have seen how intelligently they were learning the lessons which you are able to teach them in this building. I was particularly struck, even though I could not myself follow the signs which they were making, with the expressiveness of those signs. Will you tell them that I wish them all well, and that I wish them above all things perseverance to overcome the physical defects under which, from no fault of their own, they have the misfortune to labor. Will you tell them, particularly those who suffer from absence of sight, that there have been cases in England amongst the public men of that country where the inability to see has not stood in the way of brilliant success in the public service. That was the case in an especial degree with an Englishman whom I knew, Mr. Fawcett, who not only was successful as a member of Parliament, but rose to be one of the Queen's ministers, and was trusted and respected by the whole British nation. I hope that both those who have imperfect sight and those who have a disability in speech or hearing will not allow themselves to be discouraged, and that each for himself or herself will be able, thanks to the tuition they receive here, to become not only useful but happy members of society like the rest of their brothers and sisters in Canada.

The viceregal party were then escorted through the building, and their expressions of commendation must have been gratifying to those in charge. Refreshments were served, and a return made to the city after a visit of over an hour's duration. Among those present were noticed Mr. Hugh Mackay, Mrs. Mackay, Mr. Andrew Allan, Rev. Dr. Norman, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wolferstan Thomas, Miss Lovey, Mr. Charles Alexander, Hon. Justice Mackay, Miss Brenda Allan, Mrs. C. J. Mackie, and Mrs. Sutherland Taylor.

